

## THE HOME CIRCLE

Carolina.\*

The despot treads thy sacred sands,  
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,  
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,  
Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,  
He scorns the lances of thy palm;  
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,  
Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is going dim,  
A spot is on thy garment's rim;  
Give to the winds thy battle-hymn,  
Carolina!

Call on thy children of the hill,  
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,  
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,  
Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,  
Touch with thy fires the cautious mart,  
And pour thee through the people's heart,  
Carolina!

Till even the coward spurns his fears,  
And all thy fields, and ferns, and meres  
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,  
Carolina!

\* \* \*

I hear a murmur as of waves  
That grope their way through sunless caves,  
Like bodies struggling in their graves,  
Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand  
It swells, as rolling to the land,  
An ocean broke upon thy strand,  
Carolina!

Shout! Let it reach the startled  
Huns!

And roar with all thy festal guns!  
It is the answer of thy sons,  
Carolina!

—Henry Timrod.

### A Universal Panacea.

In an Irish town the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal it from the master. In this they were successful until one evening, when the master caught them puffing most vigorously.

"How now?" shouted he to one of the culprits. "How dare you be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? And you? And you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth;" another "colic;" the third a "cough;" in short, they all had something for which the weed was an unfailing remedy.

"Now, sir," bellowed the master to the last boy, "pray, what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe and looking up into his master's face, said in a whining hypocritical tone:

"I smoke for corns, sir!"—London Tit-Bits.

\* This is No. 132 of our series of the World's Best Poems, selected especially for The Progressive Farmer by the Editor. In this series selections from the following authors have already appeared: Burns, Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Byron, Goldsmith, Holmes, Kipling, Lanier, Longfellow, Lowell, Mark-Ram, Macaulay, Milton, Moore, Poe, Pope, Head, Riley, Ryan, Scott, Shakespeare, Shelley, and others.

### Hygienic Living on the Farm.

While agriculture is universally allowed to be the most healthful occupation known, the average lives of farmers is lower in the scale of longevity than that of several other classes. Although blest with good air, early rising, out-door exercise and regular habits, these advantages are in a great measure counter-balanced by bad water and bad feed, to say nothing of bad sanitary conditions in their surroundings. Many of them are very ignorant, while others are very indifferent in regard to the use of the means of health so abundantly supplied them. Hard water is usually their drink, and this is not always drawn from a supply that would be considered pure. Too often the water is drawn from springs or wells so situated as to catch the output of poisonous drains, or that have been allowed to partially fill up with rotting debris of one sort or another; stale meats heavily salted, superfine flour, greasy compounds, poorly made butter and cheese, usually constitute their only fare for months at a time; fruits, and, indeed, many vegetables, too often are regarded in the light of luxuries, which they either don't raise, or, when raised, send to the market, or, if employed at all, are usually made into pies or puddings instead of being eaten in their natural, healthful state. It is not easy to convince the farmer that he can labor without old pork, bacon, or salted beef; he will not believe that the lavish use of these is the cause of his rigid muscles, stiff gait, and many infirmities of stomach and liver.

But there are other causes than improper food and bad water that militate against the good health of the farmer. Exposure to all weathers, sometimes avoidable, but often not, has much to do with his frequent ailments. This should be combated as much as possible by proper clothing, forethought and wise planning.

The inhabitants of the cities are generally compelled to study the laws of health, by their greater exposure to dangers; and thus they exercise caution in the selection and the quality of their foods; then, too, the women in the cities, having a greater supply to select from, and both vegetables and fruits, fresh or canned or dried, always within reach, are better and more hygienic cooks than their less favored sisters in the country who are usually restricted to salt meats and scant, if any, supply of fruits and vegetables at most seasons of the year. Farmers, in general, are strangely negligent about providing for a supply of fruits for the family table. A small fruit garden, of even small area, well tended, would save many an ailment and ache, and in these days of "canning," the supply could be made to last the year through. A well-tended vegetable garden is a family "medicine chest," the abundant use of vegetables, in their season, with fresh, well made butter, milk, eggs and poultry, and the continuous ripening of the various kinds of fruit in their sea-

sons, will give to the farmer and his family a plentiful living entirely beyond the means of his city cousin, both in quality and in quantity.—Selected.

### A Bath Room on the Farm.

If there is any man who can get the full benefit of a daily bath at this season of the year it is the farmer who has followed the cultivator all day. He comes in hot, perspiring at every pore and with his body covered with dust. You have been there, friends (and so have I), and you know how it is better than we can tell you. Wouldn't it be nice after feeding the horses to go up to the house and step into a bath tub full of cool water, or get under a shower spray? Wouldn't it be equally agreeable to the women folks and to the boys and girls? Why not have things fixed so you can do this? You can just as well as not. All that is necessary is a tank either in the top of the house or barn or in a tower outside, a little plumbing in the house and a drain leading away. The last will depend upon local conditions, the size of the house, the extent of the plumbing, etc. It will run from \$75 to \$300 or more. To fit up a bath-room alone will cost very little, but while you are about it you might as well do the job right and put in a closet, stationary wash bowls, and hot and cold water in the kitchen. It is a shame the way most of our women folks have to get along without conveniences they are entitled to.

Begin to plan now for plumbing the house as soon as harvest is over. You are entitled to all the good things you can afford and this is one of them. You can not spend the same amount of money in any way that will pay you heavier dividends, and every member of the family will share in them.—Wallace's Farmer.

### How Milburn, the Blind Chaplain, Won His Spurs.

The death of William Henry Milburn, for many years famous as "The Blind Chaplain," recalls the romantic and heroic incidents connected with his first election as a Chaplain of Congress in 1845. When Milburn was twenty-two, a very slight figure, his left eye entirely blind, his right eye having but one little transparent point not so big as the head of a pin, giving him but a glimmer of the outer world, he was travelling by Ohio River steamer from Cincinnati to Wheeling, W. Va. He was then entirely unknown to the world except to the little band of circuit riders among whom he had been preaching in the backwoods for a year. To his great delight he found on the steamer a large number of Congressmen of both Houses, who were on their way to Washington for the opening of a session. Milburn expected a great profit from their conversation, but was soon shocked at their profanity, their gambling, and their drunkenness.

The Ohio River was low, and fogs coming on, they were detained over Sunday. At breakfast a committee

of passengers invited Milburn to preach, and a congregation of three hundred persons assembled. At the close of a brief sermon, to the astonishment of all, he bowed to the men before him, and said: "I understand that you are members of the Congress of the United States, and as such you are, or should be, the representatives, not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral, and religious conditions of the people of this country. As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt, on coming aboard this boat, a natural interest to hear your conversation, and to observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card-players and drunkards. Suppose there should be an intellectual foreigner on this boat, travelling through the country with the intent of forming a well-considered and unbiased opinion as to the practical working of our free institutions—seeing you and learning your positions, what would be his conclusion?—inevitably, that our experiment is a failure, and our country is hastening to destruction."

The Congressmen were a plucky lot, and so admired the nerve and sincerity of the young preacher, that they at once bestowed a purse upon him, and on arriving in Washington secured his election as Chaplain. He held the position for fifty-eight years.—L. A. Banks in Everybody's Magazine.

### The Principle of Rest.

The principle of rest is the principle of relaxation—a temporary cessation or suspension of energy from any part or from all of the body. Absolute rest implies the complete "letting go" of all tension, mental, nervous and physical; all are involved, to some extent, in every act of our daily life, nor can they be entirely separated.

Let us see what will happen if we place the body in a reclining position, so comfortably arranged that absolute physical repose would seem inevitable. Then let the mind take hold of some problem and concentrate on it until all the mental energy is aroused. This energy is unconsciously communicated to the nervous system, and soon the entire physical self is in a highly tensed condition. Few people realize this until their attention is called to it. They think they must be resting when the body is inactive. It is not necessary that the body be exercising in order to be tense. A set of muscles may be nervously tense and yet be apparently motionless. This difference between a tense muscle and a muscle entirely relaxed, or de-vitalized, is what I want you to thoroughly understand, for this tense condition brought on by mental and nervous strain, and often held without relaxation for hours, produces greater fatigue than many forms of exercise that are merely physical in execution.

Remember, always, that the mind is the great controlling power, and it is only when the mind becomes, as nearly as possible, a perfect blank, that the body can rest satisfactorily. If the body would rest the mind must rest also; in other words, "Think rest," "Let go" of everything mental, and relax completely.—The Pilgrim.